

NOTED BY BILL NYE

He Makes Remarks About a Superior Court.

HIS USUAL GRIST OF HUMOR

Advice to Young Men Who Lead Double Lives on Small Salaries—Hudson Has a Home of Gratitude.

In this business country, March.

Duluth is a remarkable city. It is one of the few cities that have grown rapidly for the last five years and yet keeps it up without any cessation of reaction or any lowering the color of an office and business house. Ten years ago she had 6,000 souls. Now she has, with her suburbs, 57,000 souls, and there are over a hundred real estate men besides.



LUMBERING THE GAS.

Everything else is in proportion. No floor was produced ten years ago. Now there are 694,000 barrels. Lumber was represented by 25,000,000 feet. Now it is 375,000,000.

It seems to me only a few years since this country was perfectly wild. Indians were more plenty than Scandinavians are now. It seems to me only a few years since I was arrested in Barron county for shooting an Indian out of season.

Ten years ago Duluth had six passenger trains per day. Now she has 134. Lots of people do not know that Duluth leads all other cities in the amount of her wheat receipts. If my memory is not at fault, she shows a footing of 32,728,004 bushels as against that of Minneapolis, viz., 32,516,522; Chicago, 31,000,000, and so on down the list. I could give other figures with which I am thoroughly conversant, but space forbids.

I wish that the down center could know the west as I know it. I wish the southerner could know the north as he should know it, and I wish the northerner could know the south as it would pay him to know it. Ignorance of the actual possibilities of this little republic of ours is no doubt keeping many a young man and many a rusty old dollar back in the gloom and forest of Illinois.

Instead of saying, "Young man, go west," I would say, "Young man, find out more about the country you live in." Every day old judges and merchants and divines and bankers are saying goodbye to a busy life and a vain world.

Young man, fit yourself to follow the grip and all the place of a great man. You can do it, but you'd rather take at twenty the leisure which would be due you at fifty if you succeeded. You want to retire from business before you have had any business. You want to lead a leisure life on eleven dollars per week. You are too apt to want to be a rooky on the money you ought to pay your law-sons and a debauchee on thirty-five dollars per month.

Leave the home nest, my dear young man. Leave it more in sorrow than in joy. Study first the growing towns of the Union and then plunge in where you like it best. Duluth is a good place. So are many others. Here I met a boy I knew in Wyoming, working then in the boiler shops for \$3.50 per day. Now he makes thirty or forty dollars per day.

Duluth is especially proud of her beautiful school buildings and her wonderful school facilities. Public schools are certainly superior in the west. They are more progressive. I never knew what progress in this line meant till I had a chance to compare the eastern and western public schools. Duluth tore down a 30,000 school house not long ago in order to erect on the same ground a new one costing a quarter of a million dollars. And that is only one of her many handsome school houses.

West Superior is the Brooklyn of Duluth, and a thriving city in which millions have been made within a few years. Ashland is a very delightful city at the junction of several roads, all of which have yet other terminals elsewhere. A railroad line to have several terminals, so that if one should give out or be disabled another could be run just the same.

This country is a wealthy one. The product towns are secured at by the iron down when the mills are life, and then the product towns jostle the iron towns when the mines are filled with water and when a great big dividend paying mine becomes a mighty cinder curbed up with steam.

It is a beautiful region too. I got more more health here. I look now 197 years younger than my published portrait, and a regular little twinkle may be seen in my eye. All day I go about playing tennis and children know become unmanageable and run away and jump into the lake.

The air is extremely bracing, the ruinous quality of the place cooled, blue, deep air is especially adapted to the lung congestion and congestion of the circulation (see *Herald* on Toria, Vol. 1, p. 107).

Finally I reached everything. You walk across the completed road and beach the gas jet or the steam radiator and a big, big spark catches at the end of your finger. There are tell me I could fight the gas jet way. I never had done that.

I have now. That is why I am wanting a big rug on my finger. The doctor says that the nail will grow on the doctor, but that it will be of black and bump up in the middle like a blue fish from a pond.

We go through Duluth going south from St. Paul and Minneapolis. Duluth is a handsome little city on the shores of Lake St. Clair. She makes a specialty of good men. Also good colored folks. Redoubtable Harper, King at Red-

son. Also Commissioner Taylor, when not at Washington or closely scrutinizing the United States railway system by means of a special car. Every year he goes over every mile of railway in the United States as commissioner, and when he gets back in his special car to Washington it is safe to say that over all that great mileage of road not a single one or an empty beer bottle is left to offend the eye. He is one of the most careful and painstaking railway commissioners that we have ever had. Some charge him with being over nice about his railroads and too finicky and pedantic about always having the road bed made up with the head toward the engine, but he is a careful and conscientious man and his heart is in the work.

Judge Humphrey lives here also. I do not lay down any rules of conduct for my boys at home. I just in a general way tell them to be like Judge Humphrey. The man who goes into Wisconsin and criticizes Judge Humphrey is generally arrested on suspicion and held till they find out what his record is.

It was at Hudson that we used to bet on the date when navigation would open in the spring. There were no railroads then. When the first boat whistled in the spring people left their business, and sometimes broke off in the midst of an eloquent prayer—full of statistics and timely gossip and mere mention, news summary, baseball news and household hints—in order to run down to the landing and see the first boat come in.

Messrs. Coon & Platt kept a grain warehouse then on the landing, and one day in winter they made a bet on the date when the first boat would come up the river to Hudson. It consisted of a pair of fifteen dollar boots. One day in early spring Zeph Platt was alone in the warehouse, and he thought he would go up in the cupola and with his glass take a squint down the lake on the sky. He was a fat man, and when he got up to the top of the stairs he found that he had arrived there two or three minutes ahead of his breath. Finally he secured it, however, and hastily running his binocular tube along the horizon he saw, just below Catfish bar, the dark smoke and gray steam of the first boat.

It meant a pair of boots on him, or rather on Coon at his expense. He turned slightly pale, then he started up town to find Coon and hedge, which he did by paying him ten dollars. But he smiled when he thought how he had worked it.

But the boat did not succeed in getting up that day, nor for a week afterward. She struck ice at Catfish bar and had to stop there, so that Zeph lost his ten dollars, to say nothing of the cigars and sarsaparilla which he bought for those whose silence he so dearly prized.

Byron J. Price, the president of the Wisconsin Press association, also lives at Hudson. He had for many years a checkered career as a horticulturist and pomologist. He tried to grow the watermelon, and succeeded very well, but when the melons got ripe other hands gathered them and other chins than his were bathed in their cold, sweet juice. This made Byron hot, as we say in America, and he worried over it and came near backsliding at one time. He tried planting a bulldog in each hill, but that only improved the quality of the melon and made them the more desirable to those whom he referred to in his paper as "bends in human form."

One summer he said to himself: "I will try it once more and see if I can get a good ripe watermelon for my own use, just this time. Just one melon that I rose myself. If I fail I will try it no more forever." He knew pretty well who took his melons. They did not deny it. It was a gang of footpads from the high school, headed by Will Taylor and Fagan Starr. They took the melons not maliciously, but because a cool, ripe melon in the dark of the moon had been prescribed for them by their physician.

That year, however, Byron did not tell any one his scheme. He planted the melons in the middle of his popcorn patch. But he did not tell anybody. He did not even put it in the *Clear Lake Herald*, which has always been regarded as the best medium of hushing up any-



STEALING A WATERMELON.

thing that you could pick out. People who wished to unburden their minds of any great secret, with the assurance that it would go no further, used to print it in the *Clear Lake Herald*.

August came and the melons were ripe. Also Will Taylor, the head of the gang, was to go with his father to Marquette for four years. Byron felt first rate. He gloated over his melons, and decided to give one to Will as the train pulled out. He did so. It was a good melon, and as the juice ran up Will's sleeve he looked reproachfully at Mr. Price.

"Well, I've got the best of you this year," said Mr. Price as the train moved away. "I don't mind whispering in your ear, Will, that I planted them in the middle of the cornfield."

The next morning there was not left a watermelon in his vineyard so large as a walnut. Years afterward it leaked out that the following telegram was received at Hudson the day before the calendar's Fagan Starr, Hudson:

Price's melons in middle of cornfield. Mindy ripe now. For good melons keep to the right. Clear Lake on other side.

What Tattler. Mr. Price was greatly saddened by this, and it was years before he could even look at a dish of preserves made of watermelon rinds without sobbing. Now he makes a few since Will Taylor is in Washington, and the only prospect he has is to put up a notice reading as follows:

Don't forget to get your watermelon. If you don't get it, you will be sorry. S. J. Price.

Every one knew Mr. Price. Also his watermelon.

Bill Nye



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